

## **Sin City** by everybodyhatesjay

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Angst, Bad Boy Mike Wheeler, F/M, Fluff, Lucas is a good friend, Mentions of Strip Club, Mike Wheeler Loves Eleven | Jane Hopper, Other, Stripper AU, eleven is soft, mentions of cheating, mike wheeler is a millionaire, they are like 24/25 in this idk

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Original Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler Child(ren), Original Female Character(s)

**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper & Mike Wheeler, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

Michael Wheeler graduated at the age of 22 and suddenly became extremely well-known as the business man he was.

Being filthy rich has its flaws; and partying, egocentrism and commitment issues were clearly Mike's problems.

He feels extremely confused when he accidentally reunites with the girl who was the love of his life for several years. Jane Hopper, who works as a stripper in a Los Angeles night club.

♡ one shot

# **Sin City**

## **Author's Note:**

excuse any grammatical mistakes, english is not my first language. don't be scared to read tho its just a warning in case of sum c:

Michael Wheeler would never attend a seedy strip club.

When he heard his friend and colleague Lucas recommend that club, he thought he was joking.

"¿Sin City? What kind of name is that!?" Michael thought in the exact same moment the words left Sinclair's lips.

The truth is, Michael hated seedy night clubs; the ones that smelled like cheap perfume or were covered in graffitis.. yeah, he would never go to that kind of clubs. He always expected to find fine women in fine places.

He was scared of his trip to L.A's Downtown. Even when he knew the area was quite safe because of the large amount of police wandering around, he felt nervous. Michael also knew how it was a zone covered by businesses such as restaurants, bars..

Even strip clubs.

But when he arrived it was totally different from what he expected. Despite the fact it was noisy and notorious, it kept the concept of an exclusive nightclub for exclusive customers. Michael couldn't take his eyes off the dainty entrance facing the sidewalk.

"Now you gon' say i was right.." he startled when he heard the voice of Lucas near his ear. He quickly realized he had been staring for too long.

"Shut up, Lucas" Michael mouthed, easily getting annoyed by his best friend.

He noticed how Lucas wasted no time and approached the security

guards in the main doors. Mike also wanted to do that, but he couldn't help it.. he was so used to it. In the past few years Michael dealed with so many brilliant architects, until he reached the point he was convinced he adored the architecture himself.

The building was as simple as a prism covered in perforated sheet metal. There was LED lighting illuminating the exterior of the club and slightly turning its color as the time passed, sometimes fitting with the music rhythm. Michael read the large letters that say "Sin City" mounting the entrance overhang.

"¿Are u coming?" Lucas turned to face Michael still standing at the edge of the sidewalk.

He nodded and smirked to his friend, "Yeah, i was just checking the building.."

"Oh, sometimes i forget you are the Mike Wheeler"

Both of them cackled and made their way to the exclusive line.

Michael Wheeler was also required to be near bodyguards or at least some escort who could take care and watch him, but for some reason they were alone. One of his workers was going to join them once they were inside of the nightclub though.

"So, your plans for tonight are.."

"Definitely not getting laid" Lucas complemented what Michael was gonna say. He noticed how he arched his eyebrow confused, "dude, i can't cheat on Max.."

"Oh shit, right, Max" he shook his finger remembering that Lucas was on a relationship. Well, has been on one.. for a whole year by now.

"Im here to take care of you. If u asked me, i'd never come here by my own with a girlfriend"

Lucas was trying to get into Mike's nerves. He always did that when Michael tried to do absurd things such as visiting a strip club while talking to a girl.

Yeah, Michael Wheeler was talking to a girl.

"I know what you tryna' say man.." Michael sneaked his hand on his pocket and took out his phone.

"What are you doing??" Lucas asked as he watched Michael showing him the lockscreen of his Iphone.

"No messages from her! She doesn't care about me dude"

"She does. She tells Max all the time about you" he could hear his friend sighing for the hundredth time tonight.

Mike shrugged, "I don't care. I didn't come here just to watch"

A couple minutes passed by and they finally got inside. There was music blasting and a huge crowd of people dancing on the dance floor —thing they could barely see, there was only walls. The club was going insane.

The space had four primary areas —the main club, the vip rooms (which included private ones) and two fancy rooftop terraces. Lucas and Michael also passed through an entrance portal with motion-sensed LCD displayed behind glass. Everything was beautiful.

The two friends distinguished there was a dress code. I mean, of course; dress codes are a common practice at places like nightclubs. But Michael nor Lucas couldn't take their eyes off the angelic ladies —waitresses they guessed— walking beside them. And they were all dressed the same.

"Dude, are we gonna stay here or what.." Lucas asked almost yelling at Mike due to the volume of the music. Every beat was making them to feel their entire body pound.

"Hell no!" He responded showing his signature smile; he knew what he was about to do.

So they headed to the most prestigious area in the club; the vip and private rooms..

Where Jane worked.

When Jane accepted the offer as a worker in the club, she didn't expect to be what everyone calls a stripper. She could swear she heard the guy who she had the interview with offer her a position as a waitress. But she got used to it; not because she wanted to, but because she needed to.

At this point it was a tradition to her dancing for celebrities, businessmen or well-known people in general. Sin City was such an expensive place, that is why she wasn't surprised about recognizing so many faces inside the building. But she didn't expect to see him, never.

Jane knew who Michael was. She always saw him on the news or invited as a special guest in many TV shows, even her favorites. She never got used to the fact that he was the same guy she dated for six years in a row. Seeing him like that; wearing couture sober navy-blue and black fitted suits and getting praised like a god.

"¡Devon!" Jane heard her pseudonym getting called and instantly walked to the one calling out for her.

Devon was her stripper name. Of course she'd never use her real name.

Jane reached to the girl calling her name. She murmured while glancing down at her, "Whats up.."

"Theres two guys in the table six, help me with them"

The girl nodded and took her little pink notebook to get the order. Her main position was as an exotic dancer, but if she got asked for help she wasn't allowed to say no. Basically she had to kept her hands busy either way.

Her eyes fell in the table six before she arrived to it. There were two young men sitting in the leather armchairs. Both of them pretty handsome, she thought.

When she got closer she quickly noticed who one of them was. There was no way she wouldn't recognize that face. Coldly sensible Michael Wheeler.

"¿What can i get for you?" Jane said, catching the eye of both guys.

On the other hand, Mike was confused. Her face was so familiar, but then everything else was so odd to him. Their waitress was wearing a black two-piece embroidered lace garter teddy —"hot as hell" he thought, and her hair seemed like a blonde wig. She was alluring enough to make Mike feel weak on his knees.

"I'll get the Vesper Martini" Lucas grinned at the girl causing her to blush lightly. Michael unconsciously scowled at the sight.

"Me too" he added on a higher tone, trying to get her attention. The girl didn't seem to care about his presence.

But Jane was so scared to lock eyes with him.. so she decided to walk away with their orders and completely ignore Mike.

Still, she couldn't help but look at him. He wasn't wearing one of those expensive looking suits, not at all. All she could see was a hot guy in a black leather jacket and ripped black jeans, nothing else. His hair looked messy, smooth but thick at the sight of the unbrushed carbon-black curls. His side profile looked like the one from a young Adonis.

The deep blue lighting in the room made him look even more attractive. When Michael leaned on the armchair and rested his arm on the back of the chair, Jane thought she was going to have a heart attack.

When Jane came back with the drinks, she knew Mike's gaze was trailing all over over body; from the platinum blonde wig to her beautiful 6-inch silver cone heel sandals. Good thing he still hadn't recognized her features.

"If you don't mind.. ¿What's your name?" Lucas asked her as he helped her receiving his drink.

"Devon" Jane answered with a firm tone.

"Thank you, Devon" the black-haired guy said. Jane felt the shivering run through her spine at the sound of her fake name falling from his lips. She smirked at him in response.

Jane took a last glance at the guys on the table and dipped. She knew she had to do other stuff, otherwise she'd get in trouble.

The time passed by and the crowd at the vip rooms increased notoriously, which also meant other waitresses arrived to the zone. Unfortunately she didn't have the chance to say goodbye to Michael and his friend, but she knew it was better that way. Mike was way too successful to involve himself with someone like her.

“¿Are you okay?” The same girl from before, Ari, reached to her. Jane was taking a little break next to the bar.

“Yes, it's just i feel a little tired”

It was true, she was tired, but there was something way worse consuming her from the very inside of her soul. It was rare for Ari to initiate a convo with her, so Jane thought she must had been worried.

“I get it, i am too. I would recommend you to go hide in the bathroom for a few mins”

Jane felt a little bemused by her advice, “¿Why?”

“Because you can easily get caught skipping work if you stay here. If you go to the bathroom everyone can think you are doing a private dance or sum” Ari responded with a grin on her face. Jane giggled and whispered a “thank you” before walking to the bathroom,

She was right. Working as a stripper was heavily strict.

Her dreamy eyes fell on the table six, where now a group of girls were hanging out. There was no sign of Mike.

Jane walked through the hallway of the VIP Area. The ceiling had gorgeous led strip lighting covering the narrow hall. The walls were a mix of white and light purple while the illumination was a wine tone.

Maybe she felt herself get a little lost at the decoration, because she barely felt how someone collided into her.

“Shit..” the girl muttered, still knocked out of breath.

“Sorry..”

Jane almost screamed at the sound of that voice. She raised her gaze just to see Michael staring at her with a strange look on his face. She didn’t think about it twice and tried to let out in all rush, not giving Mike a chance to say anything.

“No” he said, grabbing her arm and pulling her body towards him.

Jane couldn’t say anything, she was totally shocked. His deep brown eyes were on her, inspecting every side of her face.

“Im sorry..” was all she could pronounce. Her voice was shaking, barely audible.

The grip on her arm slowly loosed, causing Jane to take distance from him. He looked the exact same as twenty minutes ago, but now she could appreciate his complete his look; even the small tan spots on his face.

“Mike..”

“¿Why are you working here?” was the first thing coming out of his mouth.

It was funny to her that he wasn’t concerned about her, but about the place she had a job in.

“I have to pay my rent, send money to Hopper..-”

“Why on a strip club though” he interrupted, glancing down at her in a way she didn’t feel comfortable about.

“Is this the first thing you are gonna say to me..?” Jane asked, finally showing frustration in her voice. He didn’t say anything back, “not all of us have the same opportunities..”

He kept staring at her, plain and coldly. No words came out of his mouth and Jane thought that maybe he was the same idiot from five years ago. This definitely wasn’t what she was expecting to hear from him.

“Fuck off, Mike..” she spitted at him before turning him off.

“Hey..”

She felt the same grip on her arm, and even tried to jerk out of it, but she couldn't. Michael flipped her so they were facing each other.

“I've missed you, so fucking much” he finally said a full sentence. Jane felt the pink appear on her cheeks as she observed him with her lips slightly parted. Mike thought it was adorable.

“Don't say this, please”

“¿Why not?”

They were too close to each other. It was dangerous.

“You know we can't make it work”

“We aren't sixteen anymore. I can make everything work”

Jane rolled her eyes, she didn't like his attitude, “don't make this about you”

“El, i can make anything work. Even more when it comes to the relationship with the girl i've loved since forever”

And then she smiled. And kissed him.

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